## AMONG THE GHOST DANCERS.

A WOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE BEGIN. NING OF THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

She Was Sitting Buil's Most Trusted Counseller, But No Turned Against Her The Designer the Indians Are Outrage-Water Swindled By the Agento-Her Interviews With the Indian Christ-Her Lucky Becape from Bitting Bull.

Mrs. Caroline Welden, counsellor, interpretes, and secretary to the hostile braves of the Bioux tribe, who was charged in deshes and letters from the authorities at he Grand River posts with having persuaded Sitting Bull to decline the overtures of peace made by Indian Agent McLaughlin and to continue the ghost dancer, is a New York woman. Forty years of her life she spent in this visinity. Her friends declare that she is a much maligned woman, that she was not the consort of the crafty and treacherous chief. Bitting Bull. They say that her actions have been wilfully misrepresented and her character entirely minunderstood by the Government agents on the frontier. The woman is the daughter of Dr. Charles Valentine, for many years a prominent Brooklyn physician and new dead, and the divorced wife of Dr. Chaudins B. Schlatter, a successful practitioner

ia Bouth Brooklyn.
Disappointed in her early married life, and subsequently deceived by a worthless adin an enthusiasm for Indian history. She went West to study the Indian character and to out a better understanding between them and the whites, and to gather evidence against the Indian agents for use by the National Indian Defence Committee at Wash-ington. She attached herself to Sitting Bull's camp, and won great influence over the wily shiel. She remained with the Indians for months, acquired the language, taught them many things, attended their councils. and advised them as to the conduct of their Mairs, and then returned to the Fast

In May of this year she arranged her business affairs in this city, paid final visits to her friends, and started West to live and die among the Sloux. With her she had her son, a child of ten years. A little money left her by her parents she had sent to Sitting Bull, with the purpose to have built for her a hut where she expected to pass the remainder of her years. Her confidence in the purity and simplicity ob the Indian character was great, and no life offered attractions to the tired, disappointed mother equal to those associated with the Indians of Sitting Bull's camp. They loved and respected her and listened to her counsel. She arrived at the reservation on the Grand River in the early summer. A detachment of Sitting Bull's followers conducted her to the chief. The summer was not yet over and her ideal

is shattered! Mat-o-wan-a-ti-ta-ka, the prophet of the Messiah, comes up from the story of the coming of Christ. Dismay fills her heart when the ghost dances begin. Instead of peace she is to find war. She urges the chiefs to stop the dancing. They turn upon her as a spy. Elitting Bull and his wife are he only friends. She asks to be allowed to confront the prophet Matowanatitaka and to conround him at the open council. She begs Sitting Bull to interfere, but he can do nothing. The prophet is his nephew. Then, when al sepe of calming the minds of the chiefs is gone, she asks to be taken to Fort Yates, promising to talk with the agent on behalf of the indians. She sends her money and jewels to Agent MeLaughlin. Under the escort of Sitting Bull the wagon containing the mother and her son haits at fort false on a Thursday early in Hovember. Sitting Bull is to return for her on Monday. Her mission to the fort is not a fraitful one. She cannot inspire the agents with that confidence and sympathy for the unfortunate Indian which she herself feels. War seems inevitable. Her son becomes very it and she herself is sick. Her own ideal of indian life is gone destroyed by the fridculous performance of Matowanatitaka and the herself devallations of the ghost dances, and she fort, directing her attendants to carry herself and her dyings on to the Missouri River. She burled her boy, a bright and promising ind. Whom she had dedicated to her Indian work. Mrs. Weldon wrote interesting accounts to her friends in New York of the inception and progress of the trouble among the Indians. Here is her first reference to the impending uprising, dated Sept. 15:

Back again at Cannon Sall. Sitting Bull and Hobesikana have gone away. I hasten away for there appears to be trouble. They want to go bunting. An Indian rode into camp and told Sitting Bull that Major McLaughlin had forbidden them to go to a certain biace to hunt, and that if they persisted in their found him at the open council. She begs Sit-

want to go bunting.

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to had forbidden them to go to a certain piace
to hunt, and that if they persisted in their
preparations to go he would take away all their
preparations to go he would take away and toon
what does preparations to go he would fake away all their guns and ponies. This caused great consternation, and half the night Sitting Bull lalked to them to quiet them. He says he does not want war, and will do all he can to prevent it. He doesn't want to fight against the whites. Sitting Bull hastened to the Major to find out if the report was true and to remonstrate with him. Sitting Bull, who loves his people, resents injustice done to them, and yet he wants peace with the white people. He said he would be glad if the solders would kill him so his heart would find rest. I told them what would be the result of a war and that it would hasten their destruction."

Then follows a little concerning the ghost sances.

"Nov. 4th. It is setting cold. I must go tomorrow before the river is frozen over. I have
been to the Grand River again, this time alone.
I went down to denounce and pursue
astowanatitaka, a prophet who came from
Cheyenns, and is making all the indians crary
with his teachings. I expected him to be an
Indian of another tribe, but when I arrived at
the camp I found that he was Sitting Bulliwile's sister's son, whose mother is dead. This
made matters worse. But I could not alter my
intention when I was told that Fitting Bull had
not come up, but had romained at home with
Matowanatitaka. If it had not been for the
letter he would have come up to Cannon Ball.
He had planned the trip. Hohesikana was far
away hunting, so I called for Circling Bear.
When he came I asked him to call the shies
and men together, as I had something important to tell thom. I had already worked
against the prophet—who is a young follow by
the way—down to Cannon Ball, enlightening
the Indians in exposing him. I had prepared & long speech for the Indians,
and when I delivered it I found that
I met with opposition from the elder people.
The young people listened with interest and
apparent belled. Circling Bear appeared the
most obstanate, but never forget his dignity,
while I crew warm and used harsh language.
In the first place, this prophet claims to have
seen and spoken to Christ, who is now again
upon the world and has come to be put to Indians once more to become a powerful people,
and the world and has come to help the Indians once more to become a powerful people,
and the sworld and has come to help the Indians once more to become a powerful people,
and the sworld and has come to be give and
many others believe in this great Messiah who
will do all this for them. He will 'wist their
living resistives and tell them to fight and become vicurious once more. In fact, an Indian
war is on the programme.

"I think the Mormons are at the bottom of
this, for the Indians leave by tramping, by
railowed, and then gone has been and t

secommodate the Indian policemen. Matowanatitaka lay fiat on his back kieking his feet in the air in the most ridiculous manner, while Sitting Buil was delivering a speech to the policemen and Indians. I expected a fight every minute, for every man carried a gun and looked dasperate, and the room was filled with them. Catha recognized me, as he met me a year before. He bent down and whispered to Matowanatitaka. Sitting Buil had already left the room and Matowanatitaka followed and then one by one every one left; Sitting Buils wife and myself were the only occupants in the room with the exception of the chief. Catha and I charted pleasantly about different things, he admiring Sitting Buil's full length portrait which I had given him. After a while the collect men same and shock hands with the policemen, all but Sitting Buil and Matowanatitaka.

The child mass cames and allow here in the came and the c

see these articles, for they interest me, and I know they are his doings."

This lotter, dated Dec, I, was sent from her retreat on the Missouri River. Referring to her life in Dakota. She says:

"No one in the world was as happy as I, and I wish that all might have shared that happiness. A city seems a prison to me. One must work hard to got along in the city, and I enjoyed the freedom of the wilderness. I enjoyed the trees, and the hills, and the clouds. The flowers and the birds make me happy. I love the solitude with its songs and its scenery, and I was loath to leave it. But I had to go, as my life was in danger. Those who had been my friends were now my enemies, and I left against the wishes of the Sloux. They wanted me to remain for the winter as I knew too much. I had been at every council and was acquainted with all their plans. They needed an interpreter and a secretary, and they wanted me to so act for them. I feet that I have secaped with my life, and I laugh to think how I have outwitted that cunning Sitting Bull. After I left, I was informed that Sitting Bull rode through Yates at night, singing his war songs, which were awful to listen to. If the Indians can gain anything, I say fight, for they are starving. As it turns out, they got only one-fifth of what the Government allows them. If could only life, and had bower enough to see the agents exposed and brought to justice, and all their poules and arms be taken, and that would be awful, but it would get the worst of it. I feared the leaders would suffer, and all their poules and arms be taken, and that would be awful. but it would see the sents exposed and brought to justice, and all their poules and arms be taken, and that would be awful. but it would be what I have said all the time. I often wonder if they remember my words, and things are turning out different from what they acticipated.

"Later on I intend to write a history of the Sloux nation, and berhaps may furnish a biography of Sitting Bull. I know more of him than any one of his relati

Men who have travelled all over the world are saying that some of the table d'hôte din-ners in New York are the best they ever found. It is a fact that in one small and secluded café such a repast is served for one dollar as no man not versed in the delicate art of cookery could ever select for himself. One of the greatman not versed in the delicate art of cookery could ever select for himself. One of the greatest gournets of the town recently went into raptures over this cheap and delicious dinner, and told all his friends that they must not miss it. One night he met two acquaintances from out of town, and, as he was unable to dine with them, he gave the address of the restaurant where the table dibite was served, saying they must go there by all means. The two strangers started up town together, stopping in on their way at various art galleries where picturesque appetizers were freely disposed of, and finally arriving at their restaurant. To the waiter one of them said that they did not wish to see any bill of fare, but they would trust him to serve a first-class dinner. It was indeed such a one in every respect, and the diners uttered blessings upon the friend who had sent them to a place where the best of viands were so cheap. The claret was surprisingly fine, and it put the friends in such a glowing mood that they resolved to go into a little extra expense by ordering a bottle of champagne. After cigars were lighted one of the men called for the check, and, as his eyes fell upon the addition, a look of consternation suread over his face. He called the waiter.

"Int' there some mistake about this?" he asked.

"Non, monsieur," responded the waiter.

"But you served us a table d'hote dinner, didn't you, for a dollar?"

"Oh, non, monsieur," responded the waiter.

"Ent' there some mistake about this?" he asked.

"Non, monsieur," responded the waiter.

"Ent' to you served us a table d'hote dinner, didn't you, for a dollar?"

"Oh, non, monsieur," responded the waiter.

"Ent' to you served us a table d'hote is two doors below."

"What's the bill, Jack?" asked the man opposite.

Better a light of the server as selver se table d'hote is two doors below."

posite.
"Fifteen dollars." replied Jack.
Both men allowed their cigar to go out while
they mentally kicked themselves. At 2% P. M. yesterday, when the Broadway sidewalks were crowded, a mass of snow and ice fell with a crash from the roof of the Equitable huilding to the atreet below. One man was just graced by a big lump of sharpedged joe, which shaved off a strip from one side of his hat. No one cise was touched.

CHAPERON QUESTION. WASHINGTON MOCIETY DECREES IN

FATOR OF THE EUROPEAN CUSTOM,

Av the Great Todies of the Land Declare in Paver of a Strict Espionage of Young Girls-Mixed Washington Sectory Makes Such Presenttons Necessary.

WARRINGTON, Dec. 27.—Society here is giving considerable attention to the subject of chaperonage. As this city, more than any other in the Union, sees new faces in its parlors almost every year, matrons are in-

tain young friend who was in the habit of calling to spend an evening at my house, escorted by a well-known bachelor, who would call for her later. I had no objection to the man personally, but I felt is a second to the world of the later. I had no objection to the man personally, but I felt is a constant of the world of the later of a later of her had not have a six her father, a prominent official, to call for her, Young people are apt to act thoughtiessly and run the risk of the world's disapprobation. The indifference of parents is much to be censured in not shielding their daughters more carefully, even if it should be at the expense of a little individual comfort. Of course, in a comparatively small community, where boys and girls grow up together from childhood and know who to trust, it is different, and one my indules it more freedom of intercourse, and were strict views of the old school type. Bhe said that personally she had a firm belief in the purity of youth, and that she thought much of the evil imputed was simply in the deprayed imagination of the more worldly wise, who are ever ready to criticles without first acquainting themselves with the truth.

"Evil to him who evil thinks,' and 'To the pure all things are pure." She quoted. We often attribute wrongeloing to the young, who act more often from ignorances than from and distingual common the state of the property is good of the property of the property of the property is good of the property of

passed delightfully. Not long alterward the fascinating chaperon to accompany him alone to the theatre, when to his surprise, she also demanded the pressure of a third party, and for propriety's sake proposed her maid. He accepted the position with as good grace as possible, and upon the evening appointed called for his companion in a

coupé. The lady appeared cloaked and hooded, followed closely by an abony female attendant. When about to step into the carriage, where she had already placed her maid upon the only vacant seat, she turned smilingly to her escort and remarked:

"Mr. A., will you be kind enough to sit outside with the driver?"

The highly disconcerted beau looked aghast for an instant at such an unusual proposal, but quickly recovering himself threw open the earriage door, and with an exciamation more expressive than politic, replied:

"No! I'll be——If I will. Let the darky sit with the driver if you must have her."

It is peedless to say that his determination carried the day, but the lady was comforted by the presence of the sable chaperen, who occupied a rear seat in the privacy of the box throughout the performance.

FORRIGN TIDBITS FOR THE TABLE Buinty Morsels which Our German and Italian Fellow Citizens Enjoy.

It any bright housewife is trying to add some novelties to the Christmas or New Year's dinner, let her go to the German or Italian delicatessen stores and ask for some of the delicacies which are imported especially for the holiday season. The German and Italian citizens always have special tidbits for Christmas and New Year's, and the show windows or the delicatessen stores have been decorated with them for a week or two. Among the Germans punches, cordials, conbut the Italians have greater variety. Every marzipan. A Fourth warder would say that it looked " Dutchy." It is nearly always in the shape of a wedding cake, and is decorated with odd German figures and scenes from

Fat monks confessing pretty peasant girls are favorite subjects. So are farmyard scenes,

and the fowls, implements, figures, trees, and fruits are all very odd, and yet look as though they might be natures of pastry and confectionery. It is very sweet and rich, and is usually dull white in color. Sometimes it is made in imitation of fruits, vegetables, and sausages, with natural colors. This, however, is not the flight in the colors. This, however, is not the flight in the colors. This, however, is not the flight in the colors. It is made of egg, sugar, and a peculiar kind of flour. The show windows of all the delicatessen stores contain numerous samples of it. Agood-sized cake is worth anywhere from 35 to \$10. None is made in this country, and all is imported about two weeks before the holiday season. The various kinds of lebkuchen are also imported. A great deal of this sort of cake is made in this country, but it is not so good as the imported. The brown, which is usually studded with almonds, is the favorite with the old diermans. Their children are apt to favor the kinds which are colored with white sugar or apleed candy. Anise cakes and "parsie braue confect" sum up the list of danties of this kind.

The style of German that thinks highly of Frankfurt sausages and sauerkraut is also very fond of Pommerania is said to derive certain nutrition which gives her breast a much more delicate flavor than is possessed by any other goose flesh. Pommeranian goosebreast is obtainable at other seasons of the year also, but it gets old and hard before it is used, while around Christmas or New Year's, to also the proper condition. Very few German but the groose flesh. Pommeranian goosebreast is obtainable at other seasons of the year also, but it gets old and hard before it is used, while around Christmas and New Year's, total contribute to his joility. There is no rick to contribute to his joility. There is no rick to contribute to his joility. There is no rick in it, which gives it a peculiar flavor and it is eaten with the save of the summer of the proper of the latian, Christmas of the proper of the lat

our nougat.

All these things the prosperous Italian in this country buys from his favorite grocer for the holidays. Sometimes it is sent direct to him by friends or relatives in the old country. FORGOT HER LEFT ARM.

Experiment, Court Councillor Meynert, Professor of Medisine at the University in Vienna, was prevented recently from delivering one of his regular already assembled, his assistant, Dr. Anton indertook to hypnotize a young woman for the instruction of the disappointed audience. The young woman was tall, siender, lighthaired, and somewhat over 20 years of age. Dr. Anton let his hand gilde over her forehead. smoothed her eyelids with his fingers, touched her cheeks with soft downwar's strokes, and then commanded loudly: "Now sleep." She

her cheeks with soft downward strokes, and then commanded loudly: "Now sleep." She slept.

"Your arms are completely crippled." he said, and both arms sank limp to her sides. "What will you now do, noor creature, without any arms?" he asked. The girl raised her bowed head and began to weep and wall so piteously that the students rose in their places and shouted that she must be restored at once to consciousness.

Dr. Anton soized the young woman's right arm, rubbed it amarity, and suggested:
"You are all right now. Your arm is well again." In the same instant the girl raised her arm, with a triumphant expression of face. Dr. Anton then aroused her. To his and his auditors' astonishment, however, the girl's left arm still hung limp, and apparently nerveless, at her side. He had forgotten, in speaking colloquially, to tell her that her left arm too, had recovered its strength. He touched the helpless arm and exhorted the young woman to raise it, but in vain. She couldn't sirit an inch.

Dr. Anton then explained that the students had before them a case of "post hypnotic crippling," which could be removed only after the girl had been again hypnotized. He was unwilling to exhaust the girl by bringing her immediately under his influence once more, so he delerred the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl by singing her immediately under his influence once more, so he delered the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl by bringing her immediately under his influence once more, so he delered the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl by bringing her immediately under his influence once more, so he delered the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl by bringing her immediately under his influence once more, so he delered the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl by delucing deck or the monotonous ringing of a clurch bell would suffice to hypnotize her.

THE WINDOWS OF THE BLOCK. Things that Lodgers Put Out on the Ledges

for Safekceping.

A tired young man stood at the window of his room in his house on one of the up-town cross streets on Christmas afternoon, and looked at the windows in the big, long brown-stone block on the other side of the street. He saw on the ledge of a third-story brown-stone block on the other side of the street. He saw on the ledge of a third-story window of the house directly opposite a bottle of champages. It had evidently been placed there to get cool. On the ledge of a second-story window of the same house he saw a photographic frame with a glass exposed to the light. Another ledge was the resting place of a pan filled with semething which he could see was smoking hot. The young man owns a spygiase, and looking through it at the smoking pan, he concluded that the girls in that room across the way must have been making molasses cendy on a gas stove and had put the stuff out to harden. Turning his spygiase to the window ledges of other houses on the block he noted these exhibits:

A mill sar parily filled.

A large pot of some face preparation with a French label, the words of which were not easily discernible.

Two baskets of cranses, apples, and grapes. A woodes butter tray, the paper cover being turned up by a breeze, and dust sprinkling itself on the butter.

A German selizar jug.

Two bowls cach covered with a plate.

Another bottle of wine.

A cardboard box such as is used for ice cream, fieeldes all these things which lodgers had put on their window ledges the sweep of the spyglass up and down the row of houses showed seven tin palls and eight pitchers.

IN THE OTHER SEX'S GARB. A WOMAN PUTS ON A MAN'S SUIT AND A MAN DONS A GOWN.

An Experiment by Members of an Amateur Acting Club—The Sensations of Wene-ing the Costume of the Other Sex. It was among the members of a Brooklyn amateur dramatic company that there came up for discussion the old, old question whether drifted and wavered until at last the object of all seemed to be to find out whether any women in the ecupany had ever worn men's clothes, and whether any man there had ever appeared in feminine apparel. It was agreed that it would be a very novel and queer thing to have the experiment tried then and there, and before most of the members had very seriously considered the matter the soubrette and the leading man had flown from the parlor to

execute the idea. It was in a private house the home of the soubrette, and she quickly arranged all the preliminaries. She was to select a complete suit from her brother's wardrobe and retire to her own room to put it on. But pefore doing this she was to supply the leading man with every article in the feminine category of wearing apparel, borrowed from a maiden sunt in the household. It was generally agreed that the maiden aunt and the leading man were about of one figure, roughly speaking, and the soubrette and her brother were as alike as two peas. The rest of the company awaited the consequences with merry comments on probable appearance of the leading man, but there was no particular ;fun at the souprette's expense, she being understood to do very well whatever she set out to perform.

Presently she came tripping down stairs in her brother's clothes. A pretty, plump little thing, all curves and gladness, she would have looked very wellif it had not been for her slightly nervous giggilng, which revealed s sense of awkwardness that she did not betray in any other way. Excepting for the coll of olden hair on the back of her head, she looked like a boy from head to foot-like ar otress-boy on the stage, mind you; a thing that passes for a boy every day, but that is, in reality, a very different thing. It is always a question whether, even when they cut their hair man-fashion the average well-built actress who plays men's parts could appear on the street with ut creating excitement. The fact that we a cept her on the stage has nothing to do with it There are unaccustomed rotundities about her, unfamiliar and striking curves. And where her clothes look very tight and strained it is the rule for men's clothes to look very loose and free. These were the peculiarities of the soubrette's appearance as we took them in at a gianne. She had been obliged to turn up the trousers at the bottom, but the was not damaging to the effect. She looked as well as Lotta and Corinne do when they are seen on the stage-but she was in a parlor. "My how nice it feels to be able to run up and down stairs in these clothes," she said. Then she laughed a nervous little laugh. "You don't have to think about your clothes at all. Nor about your feet." Here she laughed again, more nervously. "It's just splendid! I'd no idsa—but my feet! feel as if they had clogs on, Don't you heat them thump? Don't they look funny? Why, I couldn't walk many blocks with such weights as these dragging me down." Bee my shirt. "said she, It was backinging. There are unacoustomed rotundities about

they look funny? Why, I couldn't waik many be blooks with such weights as these dragging me down.

See my shir." said she. It was bedfining to swell up against her chin and pretrude from the rest. Ike a great white bubble. It was the said own in an uncertain, the stating way, totally unlike her own confident in the stating way, totally unlike her own confident in the stating way, totally unlike her own confident in the stating way totally unlike her own confident in the stating way totally unlike her own confident in the stating way total great time. It was a limit of the continental Hotel, the President of the Hotel Keeper's Association, recently said: "To a certain extent hotel-keepers recognize that their houses are public. They are sware and her hands were laid loosely when the stating the continental Hotel, the President of the Hotel Keeper's Association, recently said: "To a certain extent hotel-keepers recognize that their houses are public. They are sware and the property ought to have been, and where they looked very clums v and out of place. She went on talking all through the general laughter.

One thing is certain, said she, "you feel very free all about your body. But you miss a certain stiff garment that gentlemend on't wear or know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar or know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar or know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar is the only thing that keeps me from falling all in a heap in my own lap. And, girls, do you know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar is the only thing that keeps me from falling all in a heap in my own lap. And, girls, do you know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar is the only thing that keeps me from falling all in a heap in my own lap. And, girls, do you know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar is the only thing that keeps me from falling all in a heap in my own lap. And, girls, do you know anything about. This stiff lineu coilar is the only thing that keeps me from falling all in a heap in my own lap. And, girls, do yo

notice ft. You wonder whether your coat away, you as it ought to, Men's coats are cut away, you as it ought to, Men's coats are cut away, you as to make to men's coats are cut away, you as to make you wonder the treuters is tight around me just where we women never feel any pressure at all. My breast keeps pushing this stiff chirt front up so that if I had to keep it on I would pin it to the trousers bend.

The hour waring these clothes here is as different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in public as it is different from wearing them in the part of you want to wonder in more one minus. I dight know whether they looked right when I waked; they seem exposed, you know. I wondered how I looked all the time, and when you get to wondering about any part of you, that part of you loses all its pluck. My less got timid, and in the war. It was not any better when I sat downforted me. The court of the structure was a strong the structure when I sat downforted me. The court of the diffusion of the war is the first of the diffusion of the war is the first of the diffusion of the war in any part of you, that part of you're got to get used to them. And I should want the coat to be a Prince Albert, with skirts all around it because of the diffusion of the war is the word of the war in another reson in the interest of the diffusion of the word of the word of the diffusion of the word of the diffusion of

I know enough to put my hands in my lead they don't so there. I keep hanging them down by my aides. Then I cannot cross my legs. Every time I try it I got the petticoats and dress all mixed up with my knees. I don't see how women do it. I must watch them after this. When I sit down I feel se if I was sitting on a pair of long coat tails all rumpled up. The dress and other things all get into creases and lumps under me. There are some good points about the costume. It is easy around the neck, and your legs are so free that you feel as if you were walking on air, but even in this warm room I would set pecumonis in four hours, for my legs are stone cold and my chest is not much warmer, though my walst is burning hot. Then there is a dragging weight on my hips that I would hate to have to get used to, while as for the correct—set out of the room, boys, and let Tom help me off with the — thing."

It has long been an unsolved problem among botel keepers how to avoid being imposed upon by a very large class of persons who habitually make use of various conveniences of hotels without in any way compensating the proprietors. It is, for instance, a daily occurrence for those not guests to make use of the parlors of hotels for places of meeting, to use the toilet rooms, to lounge about the smoking rooms, to use the hotel stationery, and in other ways to appropriate to their own use, without payment, facilities which are intended for the accommodation of hotel guests. The subject has been much talked about among hotel proprietors, and many expedients have been either pro posed or adopted as a remedy for this growing evil. In a number of well known hotels in New York the evil has grown to enormous proportions. As far as the tollet rooms are concerned, it was at one time proposed to adopt a scheme of charge for admission. and one inventive gen-

It is, however, true that, after much deliberplaced near the hotel offices for the accommodation of the bell boys awaiting the summons stantly on the lookout to warn off these un profitable visitors. Such of these unwelcome guests as are obviously unclean or "crooked" are unceremoniously bounced. There is, howgentlemanly appearing persons who do not adopted. Sometimes the gentleman will re-

UNPROFITABLE QUESTS AT ROTELS. Some of the Expedients That are Used to Diminish Their Number.

fus even went so far as to propose a machine on the principle of "Put a nickle in the slot."

ation and consultation, and comparing notes and relating experiences, botel proprietors have generally come to the conclusion that these evils must in some measure be borne, although they may be prevented in a degree by various expedients. It is, therefore, now the custom in the larger hotels to post various notices about the public places indicating that they are reserved for guests of the house, Such notices are posted in the toilet room and in the smoking room, and over the chairs in the billfard rooms, and even the seats that are of the hotel clerk to answer the call of guesta, It is also an essential part of the equipment of all hotels to have one or more persons conever, a very large class of well dressed and scruple to thus impose on hotel proprietors day after day. With such persons a gentler, but quite as effective, method of warning off is ceive a delicate intimation by word of mouth that his presence is not desired. Sometimes he will be asked if he has any particular busi-

since an imposition of a more stranger in the new of the toiler rooms by a tranger in the new of the toiler rooms by a tranger in the new of the toiler rooms by rortable they are the remained on the propriets of the they are not one of the new of the ne

THE CREDULITY OF TO-DAY. TALES THAT HAVE TURNED THE

HEADS OF THE RUSSIAN POLES. Parms and Factories Crippied by a Ruch of People to a New Roman Catholic Pe-iand in the Resimo of the Queen of Brazil.

The migratory fever that has taken possession recently of the lower classes in Russian Poland is probably the most ren Poland is probably the most remarkable out-break of the kind in modern time. Men are selling their property right and left at any price, packing up their few remaining schools and tools in mad haste, and leaving with head iy a good-by homes from which they have never before been ten miles distant to try their fortunes in Brazil. Children are des their parents and husbands are cutting loc from their wives to be swept into the current of emigration that has set toward the southern half of the New World. Workingmen in factories drop their tasks at an hour's notice to follow the swelling movement. Laborers in the fields let the ploughs lie idle in the furrows while they hurry off over the border to begin the voyage to the young South American republic. Farms are going to waste. Machinery

is standing still. Hamlets are depopulated.

The cause of this mania among the ignorantly conservative masses of Russian Poland. is not any commensurate misfortune at home or any certainty of better things abroad. It is not a longing for political liberty nor an assurance of material independence such as the Old World cannot afford them. It is simply a fairy tale, told them by emigration agents, of a land flowing with milk and honey, where all the people are humane and generous where work and clothes and food and shelter may be had for the asking, and where a gracious Gov-

the people are humane and generous where work and clothes and food and shelter may be had for the asking, and where a gracious Gergenemes is awaiting an opportunity to shower the best it has on adopted Polish subjects.

The aim of the managers of the movement is the same as the aim of the originators of the migratory movement some time ago among the Galician peasants, who were cutgeled, bullyragard, and beaten into scoing to America in order that Austrian steamship agents were agreesed, treed, sometimes in order that Austrian steamship agents were agreesed, treed, sometimes and imprisoned. The steamship agents of the same stripe in Poland took warning from this experience of their colleagues and sunsingly conceived the idea of stating a great migratory movement by spreading right and left among their prospective victims the most extravagant promises of Unplan delights in a land across the oyean. The stories they set affont among the Polish peasants were fanniful even to the verge of the most ignorant Eurorean's oredulity.

All the Kings and the Queers of the carring ago in counsel with the Pope. The nurpose of the council was to help the poor. The Queers of England, after announcing that she had just discovered a new, fruitful, unpopulated land called Brazil, continued thus; Now I need men for my new country. Give me a people and I will make them rich and happy. Only I must make this condition, that you send me no criminals, for then it would be everlasting war and rappin. Be the ether kings and Queens and the Pope gave her the Polish people.

Another story concerns the great ex-Chancellor of Germany. Old Blamarch, so it coed and merciful, and has been converted to the Church of Rome. He purposes now to jound a new Boland management of the purpose and the proper who, after this New Year's will be punished for their residence in their present home by fines of \$10 for the baptism of every child, and has installed in them priests who love the Polish people.

Another story, many persons emigrated to Purpose the sou disadvantage of this modern Canaan is that no one there understands Polish, and that when a Pole asks for sait he receives a sugar.

A warsaw paper records this dislegme to show the perfect confidence of the peasants in all these and similar tales:

"Jain." said a peasant near Hawa to his neighbor, "art thou not going to Brazil? They tell me the figs and oranges grow so low there that a man can pluck them with his hands."

"Of course I shall go," was the answer, "but not until after New Year's, because one mass cross the Red Sea to get there, and just now the heat is so great that all the water has been dried up.

The terrors that the long voyage would have

The terrors that the long voyage would nave for the peasants are hidden under the most grotesoue misrepresentations. Although Byerili is far distant, the prevalent delution maintains that the voyage lates but two days. for the ships have wings and it faster than the wind. If any one becomes ill, or a woman approaches the property of the state of the work of the state of the state

JACKSON, Miss., Dec. 27.—The Mayor and Althe entire police force of the city. It was ten-dered and accepted to take effect Jan 1. The action of the Board was paused by the Indiana to suppress tamesanase a Challettes and